W. Jackson

Twelve Songs, Op. 1.

I can only recorded
→
850.

[illegible] p 551 [c. 1770] C only
[illegible] c. 1755
[illegible] 71 (C+L)
[Cp I]

Twelve SONGS

Set to Music by

William Jackson

of

EXETER

Properly disposed for

THE VOICE HARPSICORD

GERMAN FLUTE

or

VIOLIN.

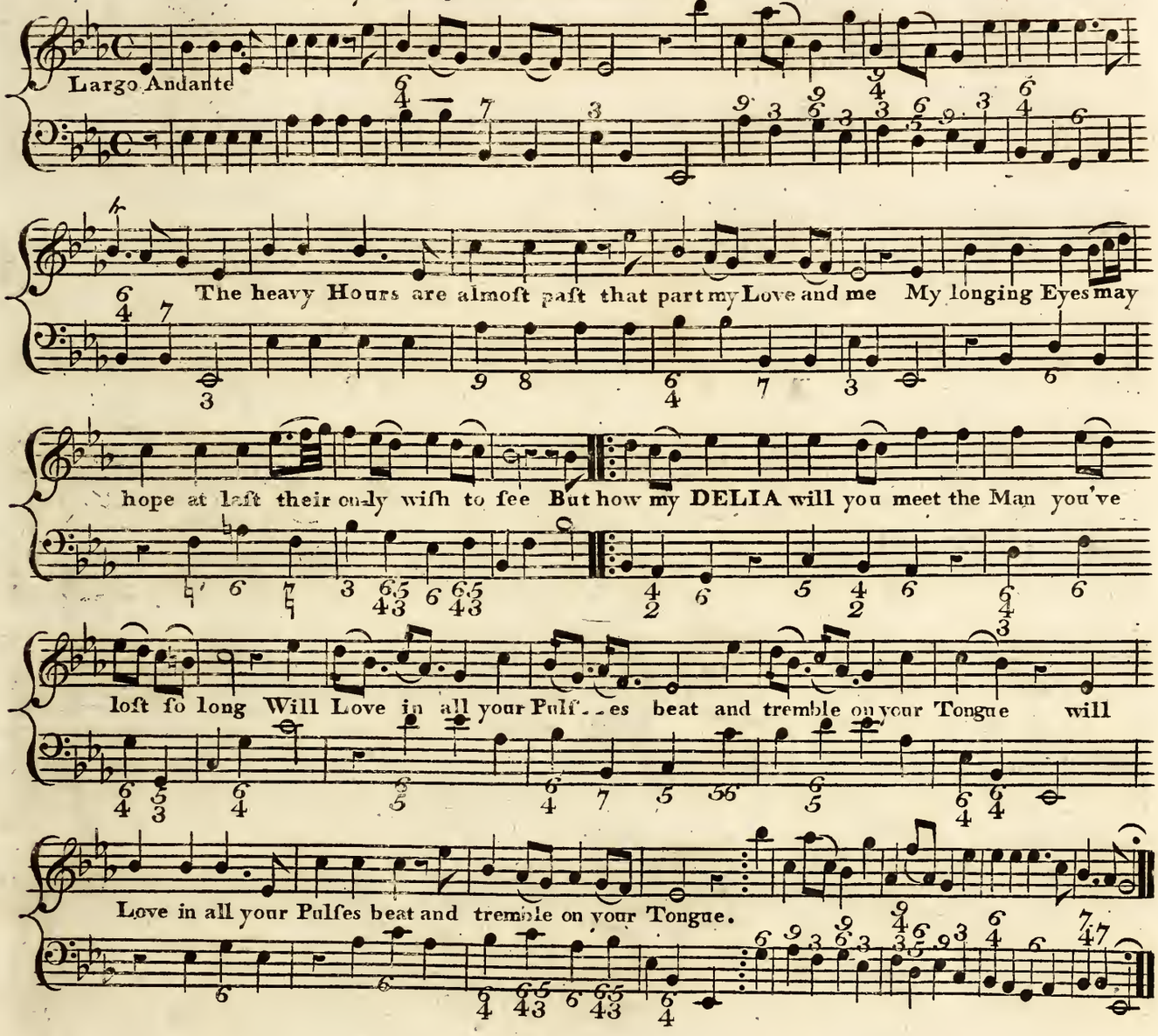
Price 2, 6,

[Cp I]

LONDON
Printed for C and S THOMPSON No 73
St Pauls Church Yard

THE HEAVY HOURS

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon



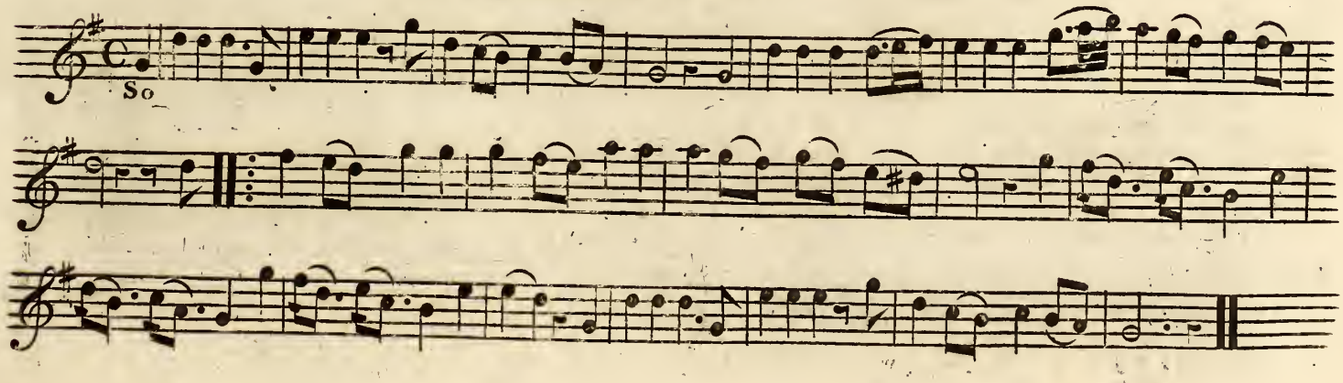
(2)

Will you in ev'ry Look declare,
Your Heart is ſtill the ſame,
And heal each idly anxious Care,
Our Fears in abſence frame,
Thus DELIA, thus I paint the Scene,
When we ſhall ſhortly meet,
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring Time to Cheat.

(3)

But if the Dream that ſooths my Mind,
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find,
You have forgot to love,
All I of Venus aſk is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring Bliſs,
To die and think you mine.

For the GERMAN FLUTE



BLEST AS TH'IMMORTAL GODS

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon

Sy

Pia

A Tempo ordinario

Tasto Solo

Pianiss°

For

Blest as th'immortal

Gods is he, the Youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while, sweetly

F

speak and sweetly smile,

sweet-ly speak and sweetly smile

For

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of rest, and

raiſ'd ſuch tumults in my Breaſt, and raiſ'd ſuch tumults in my Breaſt, for while I gaz'd in

Pia

Pianiss°

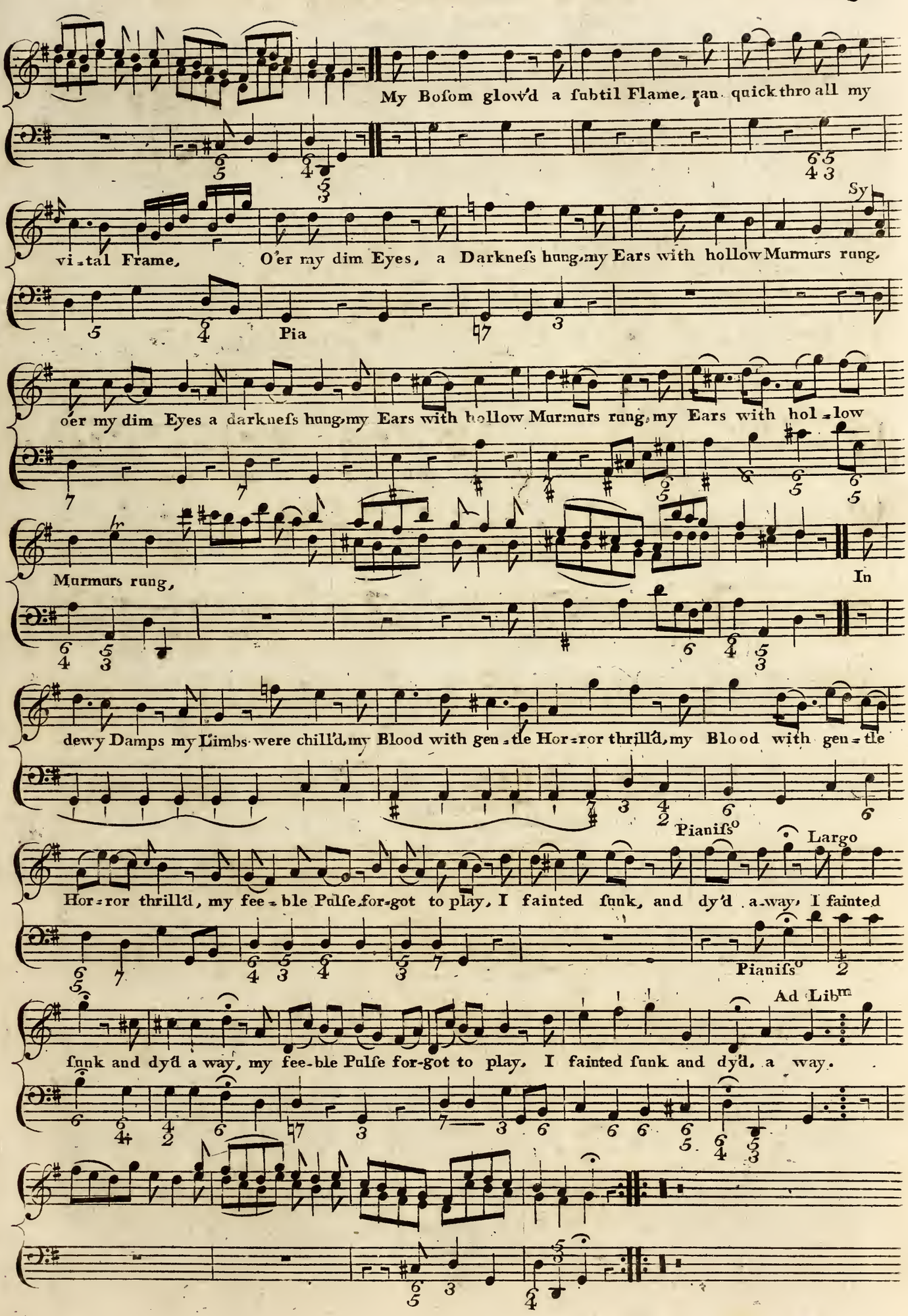
Largo

Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was

A Tempo Ordinario

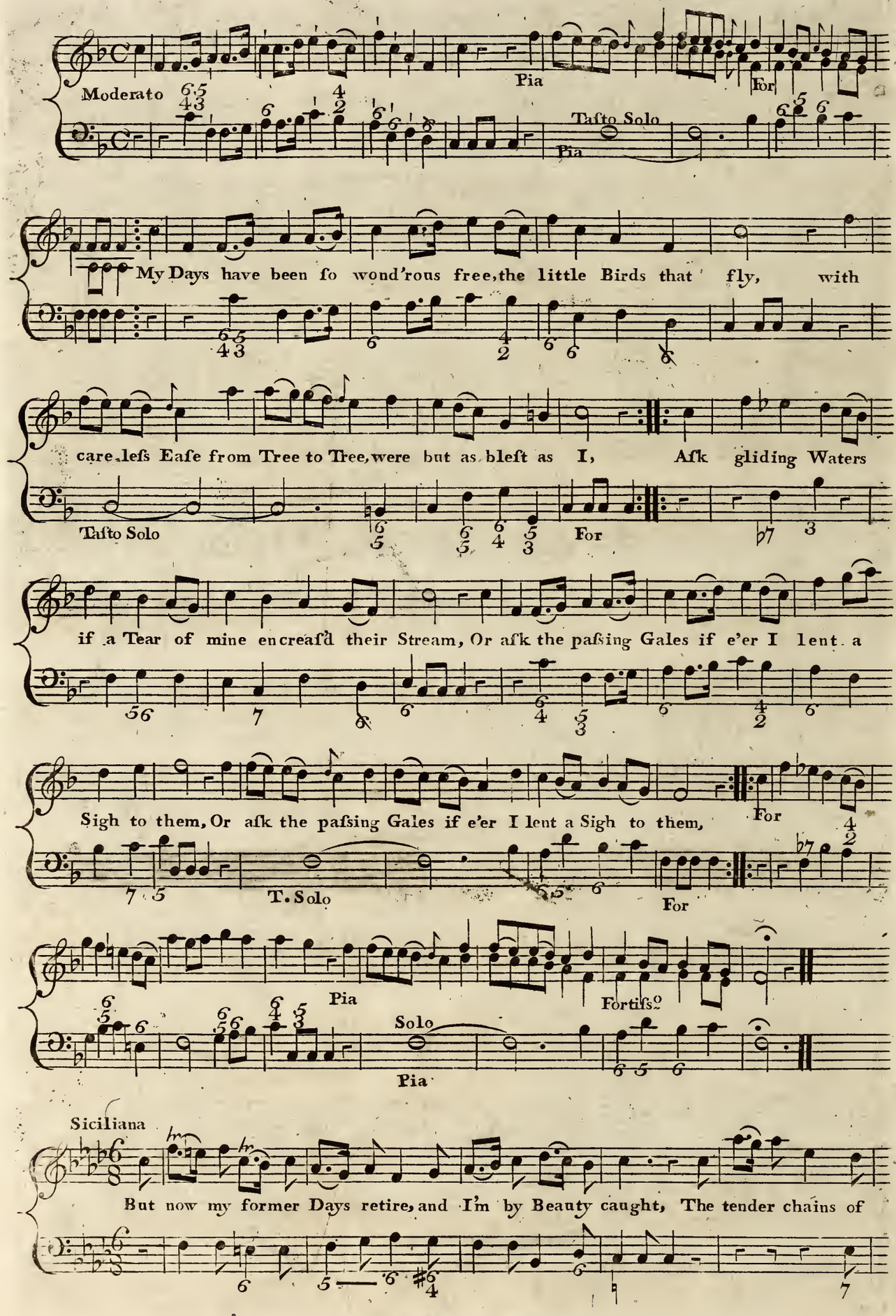
Ad Libitum

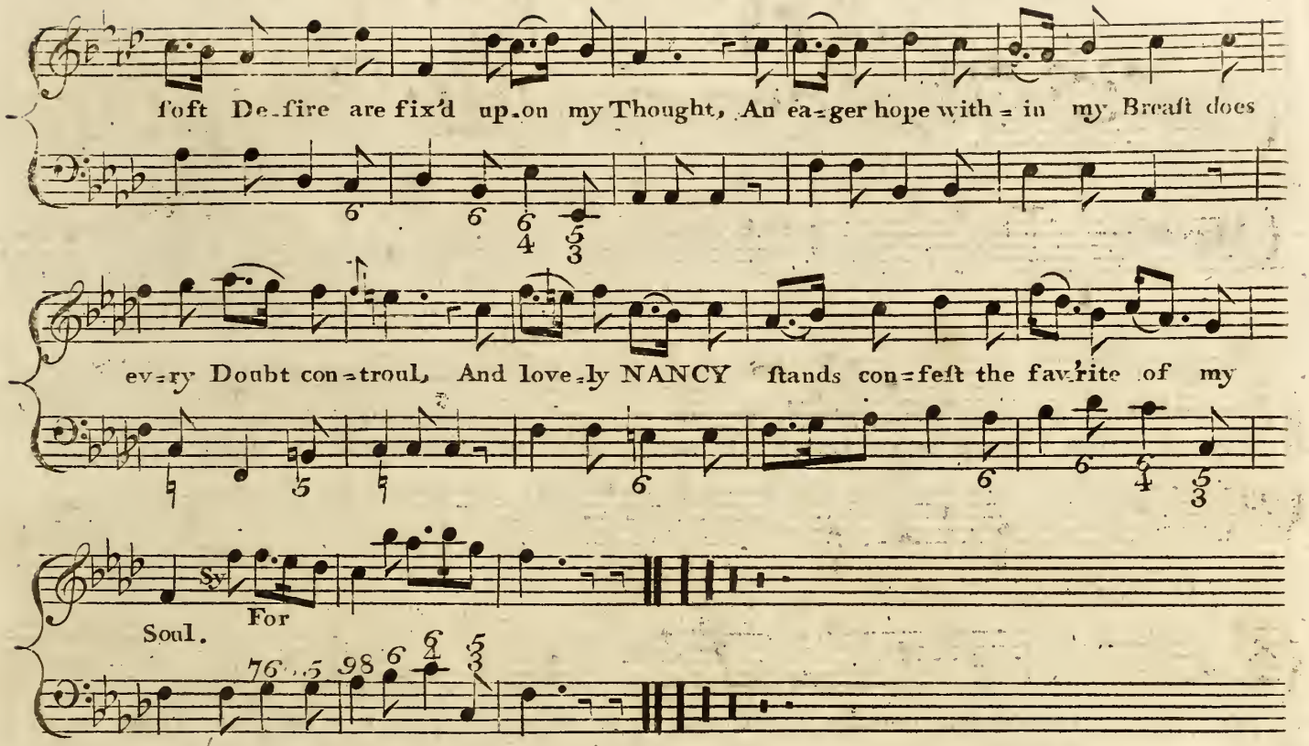
loſt, for while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt,


My Boſom glow'd a ſubtil Flame, ran quick thro all my
vi=tal Frame, O'er my dim Eyes, a Darkneſs hung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung,
Pia
oer my dim Eyes a darkneſs hung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung, my Ears with hol=low
Murmurs rung,
In
dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd, my Blood with gen=tle Hor=ror thrill'd, my Blood with gen=tle
Pianiſs^o
Largo
Hor=ror thrill'd, my fee=ble Pulſe for=got to play, I fainted ſunk, and dy'd a=way, I fainted
Pianiſs^o
Ad Lib^m
ſunk and dy'd a way, my fee=ble Pulſe for=got to play. I fainted ſunk and dy'd, a way.

MY DAYS —

Set by Mr. JACKSON of Exon —





(2)

Ye Nightingales ye twiſting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove;
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of Love,
With all of Nature all of Art,
Aſsiſt the dear Deſign,
O teach a young unpractiſ'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

(3)

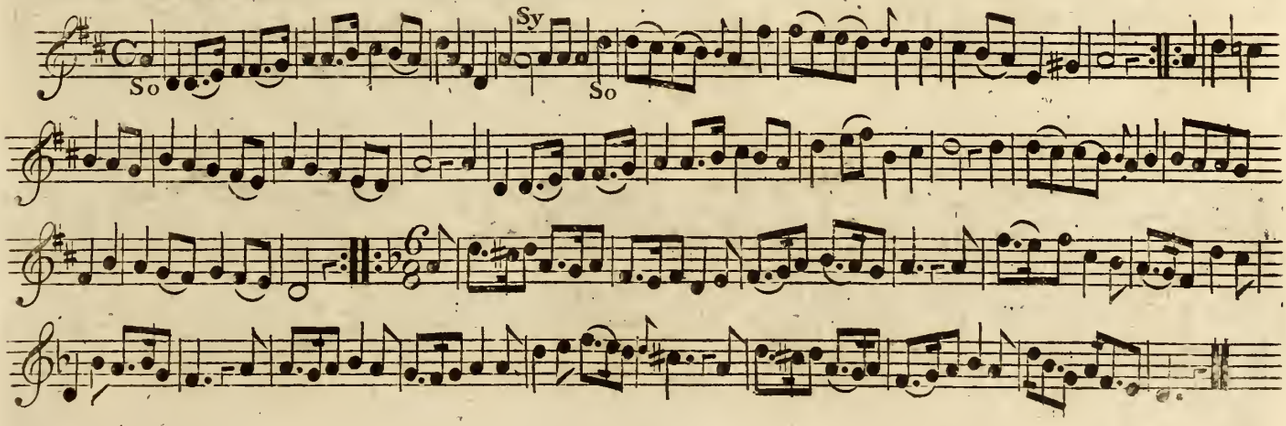
The very Thought of change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair!
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her;
'Tis true the Paſsion in my Mind,
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs,
Yet, while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

NB. The above Stanzes muſt be ſung to the laſt Air, and the following to the former; omitting the firſt Symphony.

(4)

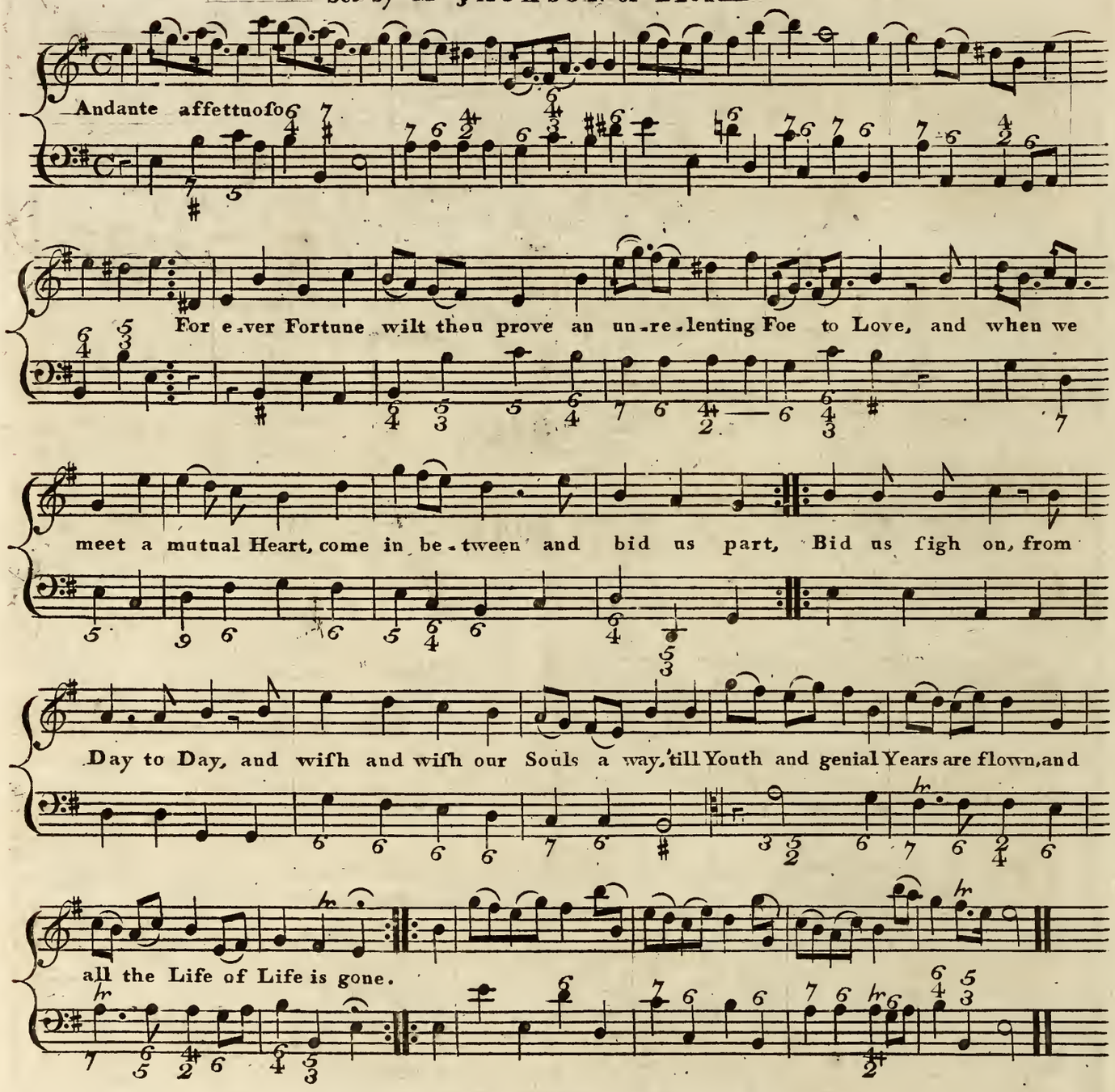
But if ſhe treats me with diſdain,
And ſlights my well meant Love,
Or looks with pleaſure on my Pain,
A pain ſhe wont remove,
Farewell ye Birds and lonely Pines,
Adieu to Groans and Sighs,
I'll leave my Paſsion to the Winds,
Love unreturn'd ſoon dies.

For the German Flute



FOR EVER FORTUNE

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon—

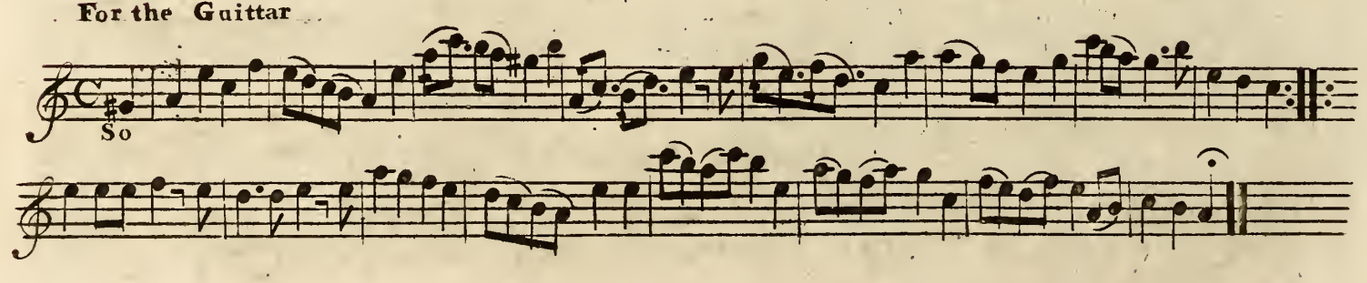


2

But bufy, bufy ftill art thou,
To bind the lovelefs joylefs Vow,
The Heart from Pleafure to delude,
To bind the gentle with the rude,

For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r,
And I abfolve thy futere Care,
All other Blefsings I refign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine,

For the Guittar



In vain you tell

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon

In vain you tell your parting Lover, you wish fair Winds may waft him o-ver, a-

-las what Winds can happy prove, a-las what Winds can happy prove, which bear me far from

what I love! a-las what dangers on the Main, can equal those that I sustain, a-

-las what dangers on the Main can equal those that I sustain, from slighted Vows and cold Dis-

-dain.

2

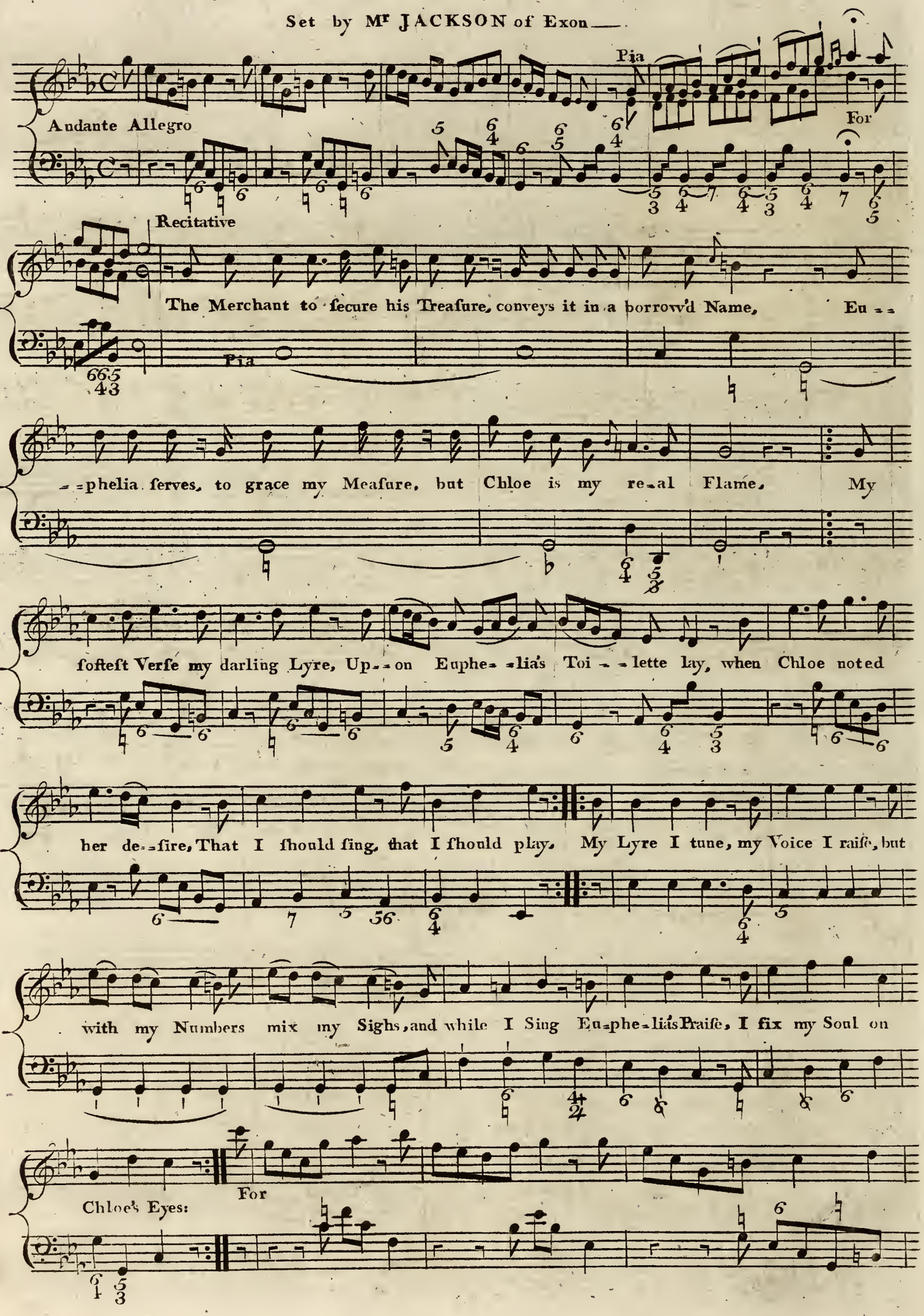
Be gentle and in Pity chose,
To wish the wildest Tempest loose,
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Ship-wreck'd Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain,
Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

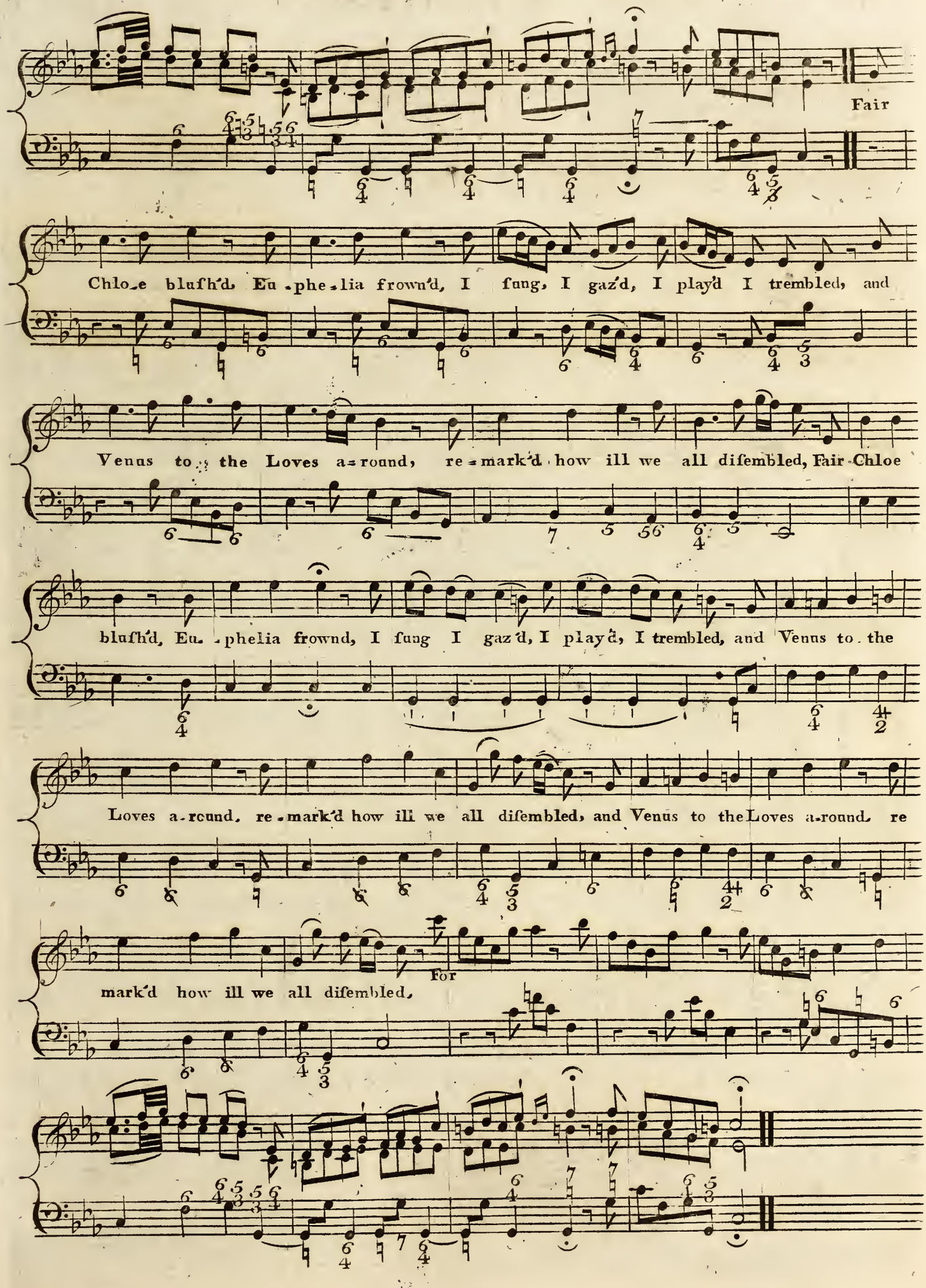
For the Ger: Flute

So

THE MERCHANT

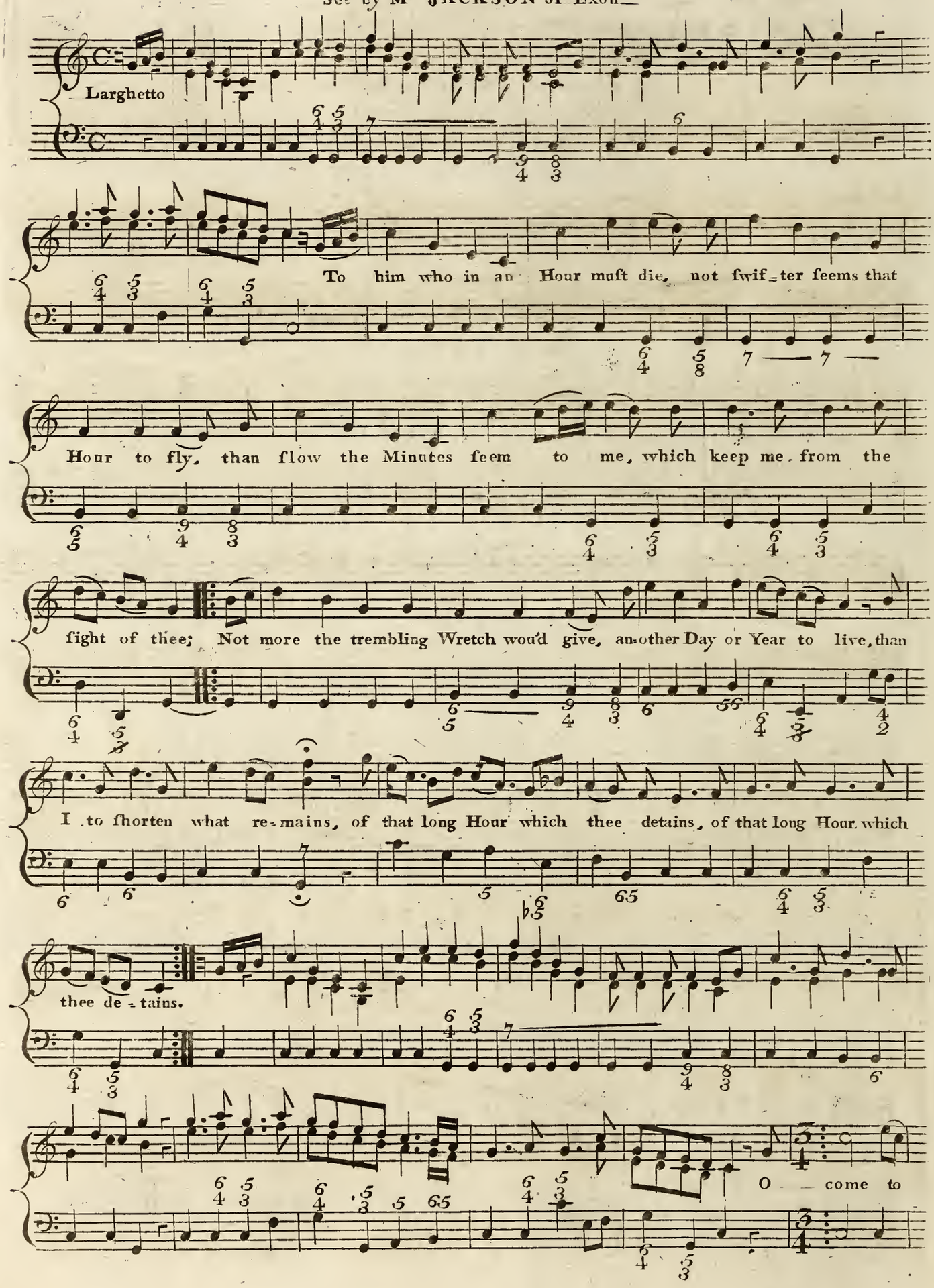
Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon——.




Fair
Chloe bluſh'd, Eu-phe-lia frown'd, I ſung, I gaz'd, I play'd I trembled, and
Venus to the Loves a-round, re-mark'd how ill we all diſembled, Fair Chloe
bluſh'd, Eu-phelia frownd, I ſung I gaz'd, I play'd, I trembled, and Venus to the
Loves a-round, re-mark'd how ill we all diſembled, and Venus to the Loves a-round, re
For
mark'd how ill we all diſembled,

TO HIM

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon.



my im-pa-tient Arms, O come with all thy heav'n-ly Charms, At once to

juf-ti-fy and pay the Pain I feel from this de-lay. The

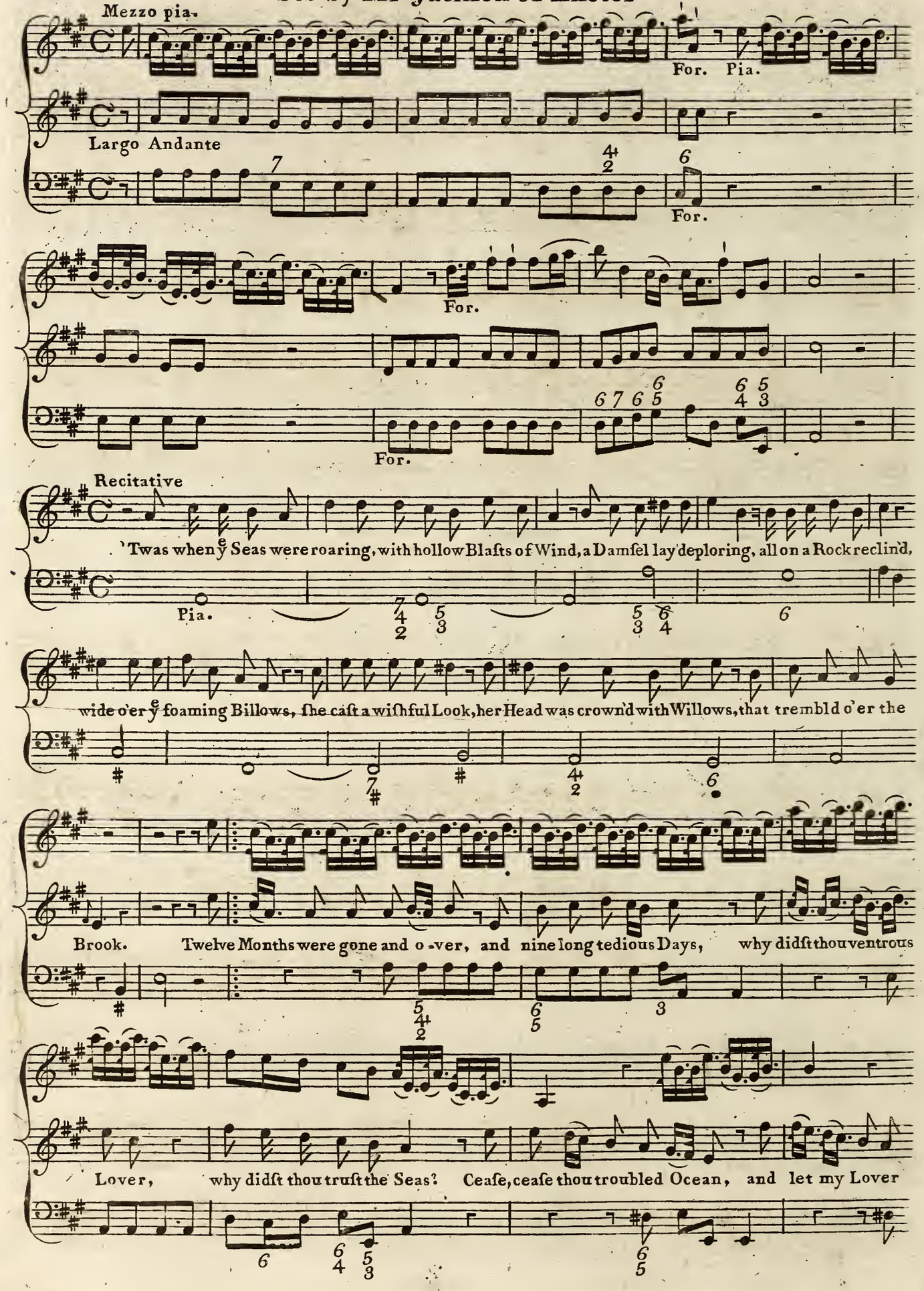
Pain I feel from this de-lay.

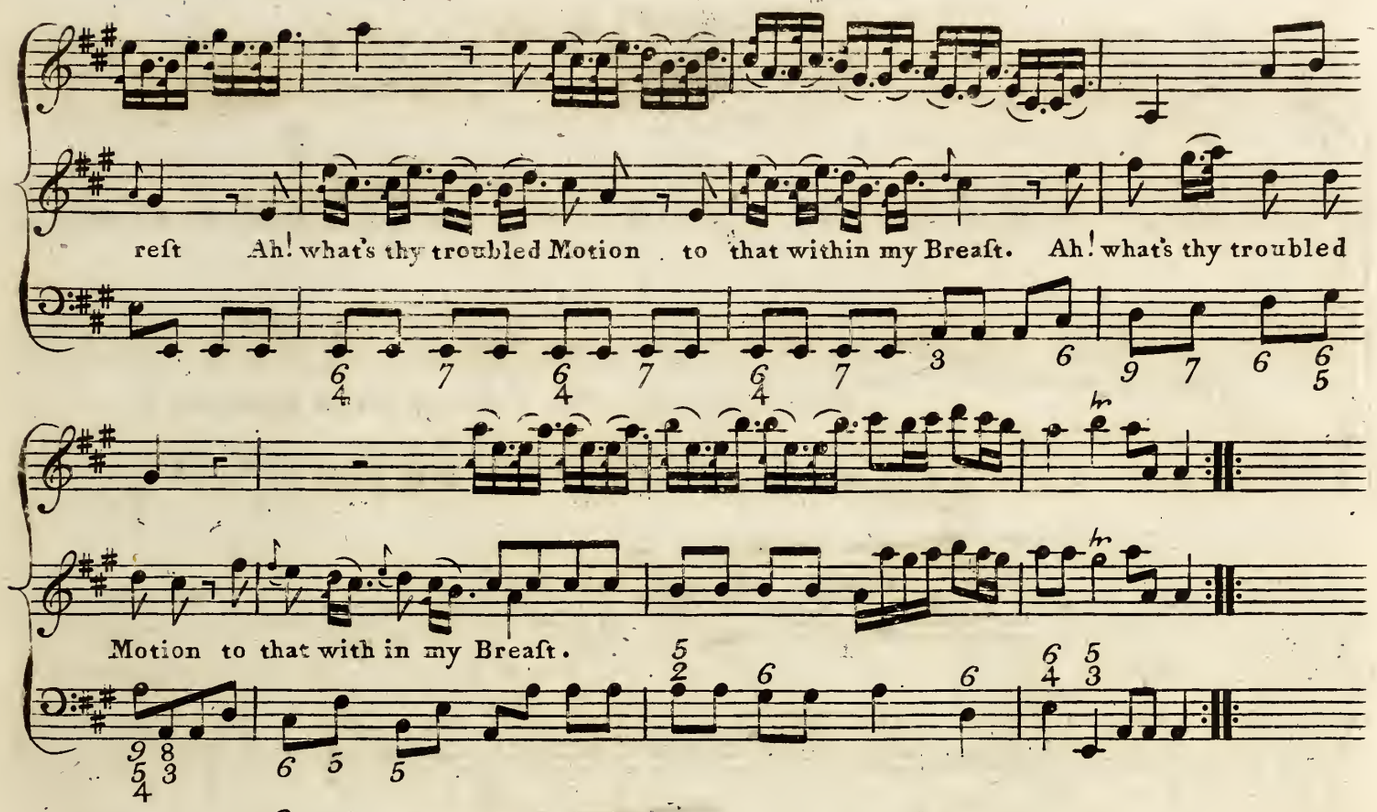
For the Ger Flute

So

SUSANNA

Set by Mr Jackſon of Exeter



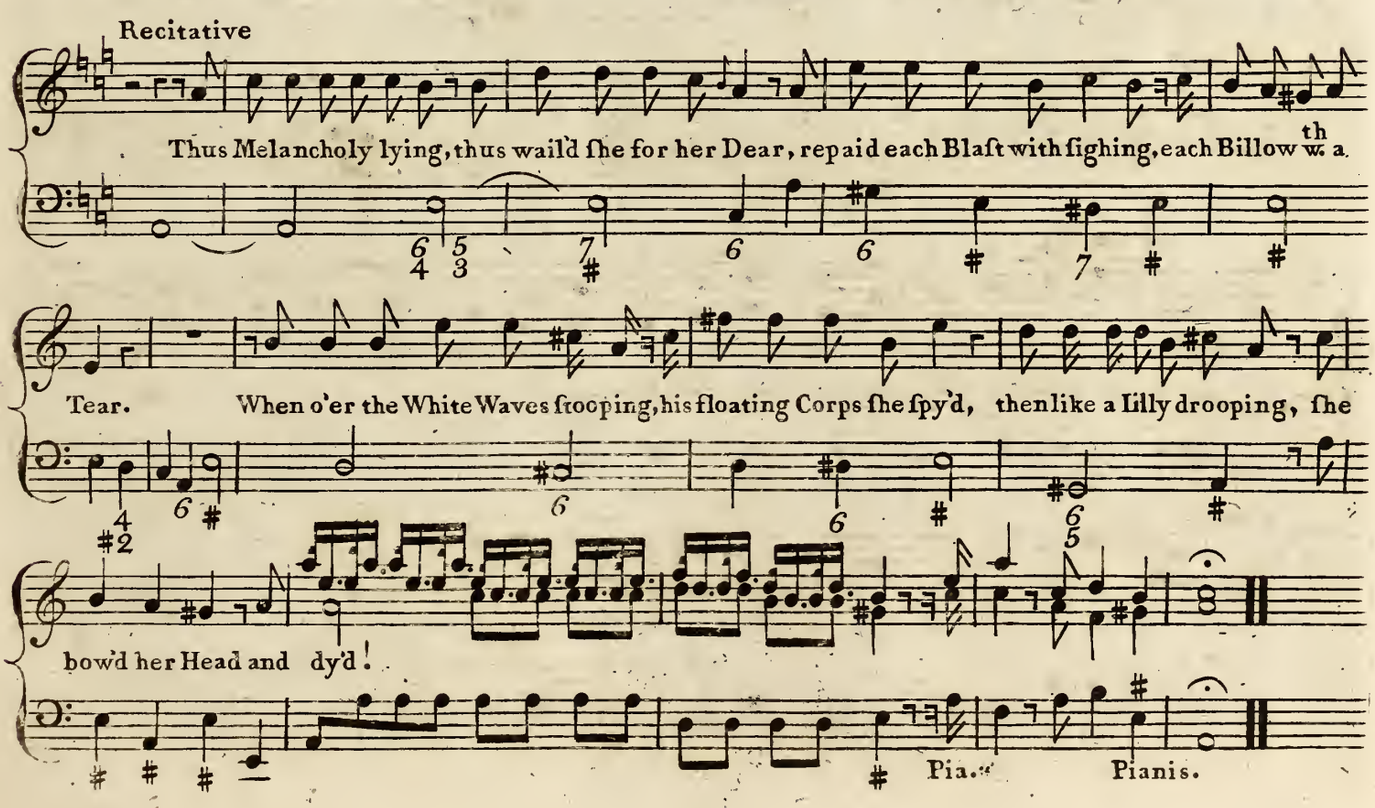


2

The Merchant robb'd of Pleaſure,
Veiws Tempeſts with Deſpair,
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear.
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

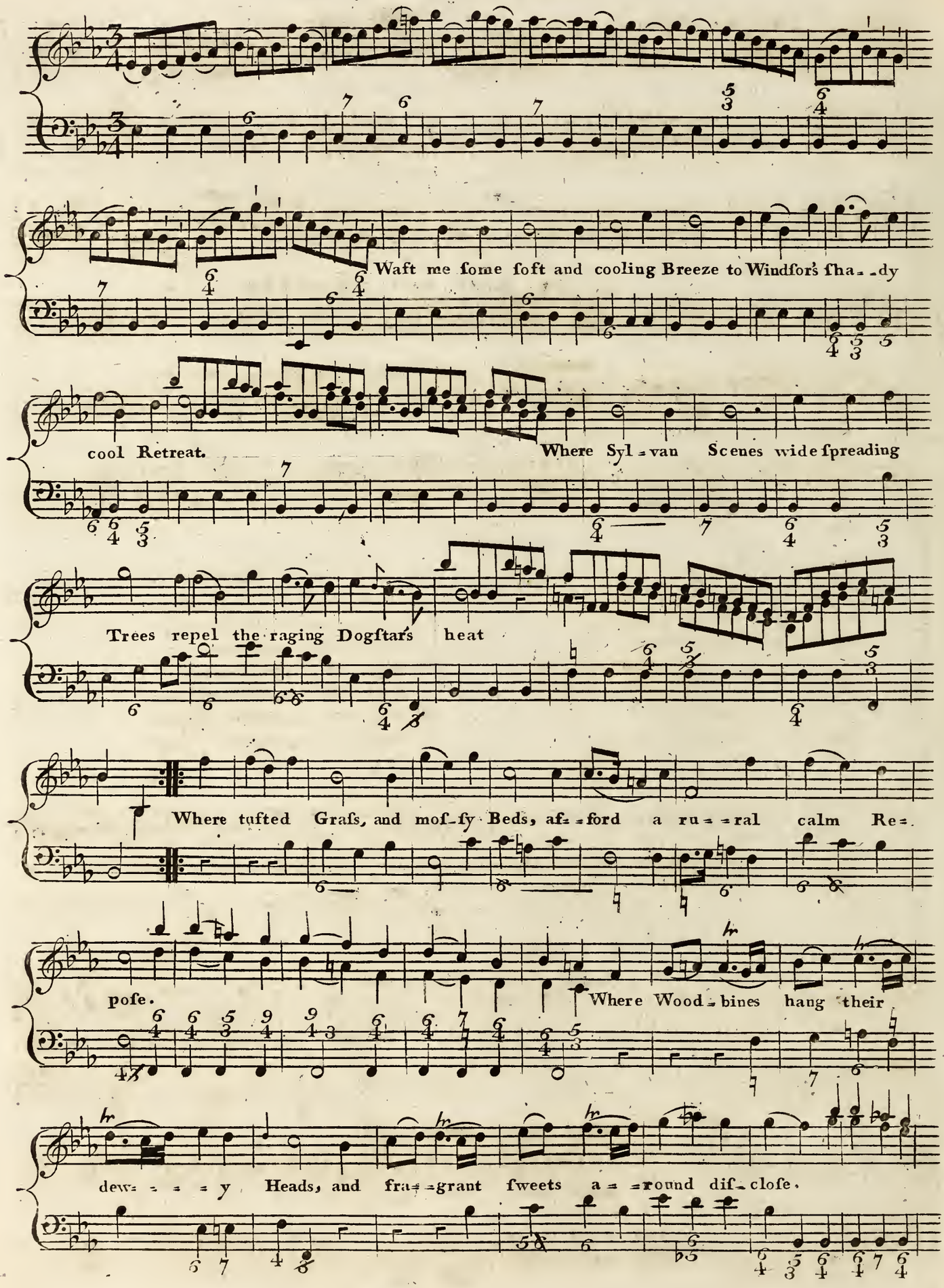
3

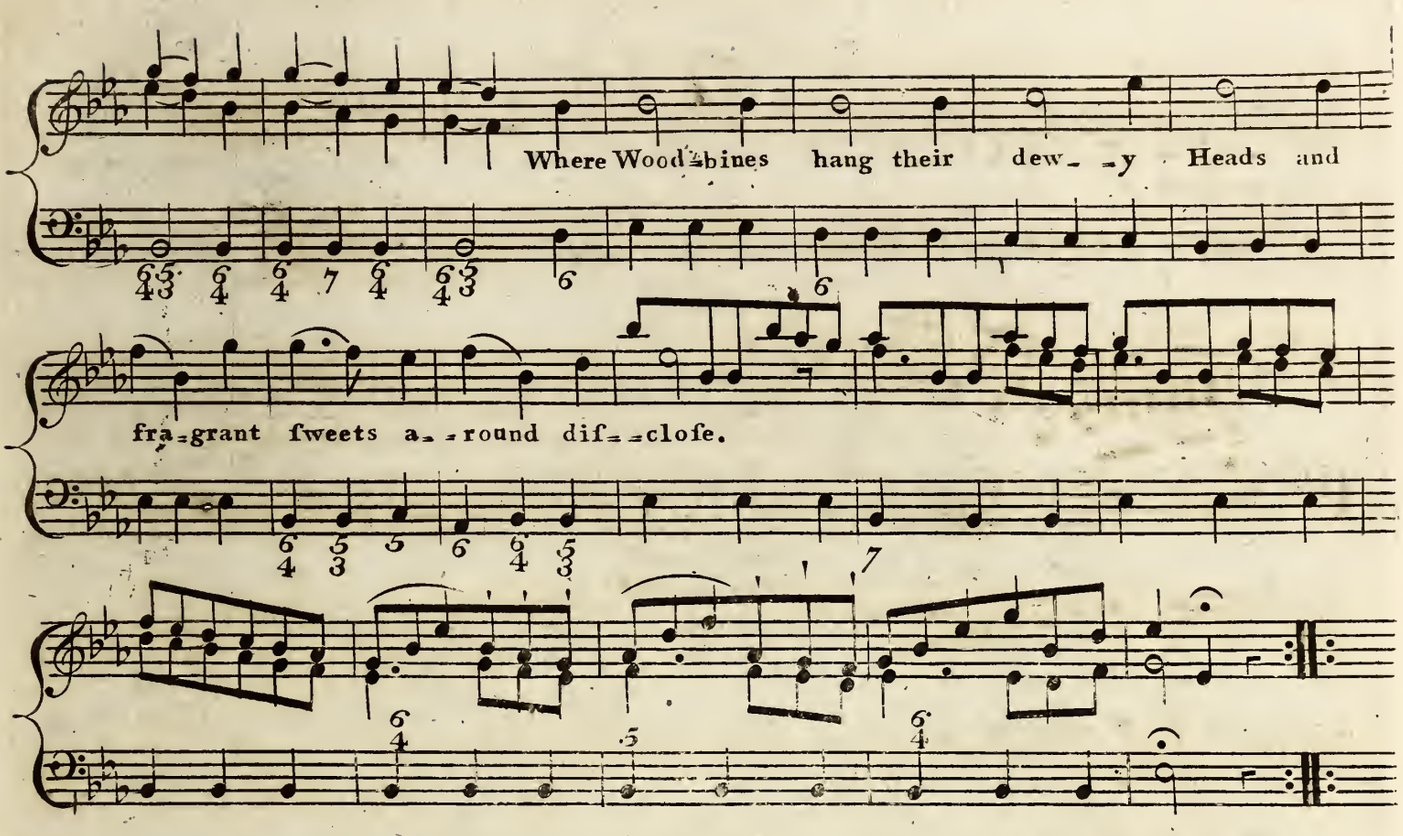
How can they ſay that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the Water,
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes the Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.



WAFT ME SOME SOFT

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon





2

Old oozy Thames that flows faſt by,
A long the ſmiling Valley plays,
His glaſsy Surface chears the Eye,
While thro the flow'ry Mead he ſtrays,
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell,
Where e'er his purer ſtream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and pleaſure dwell.

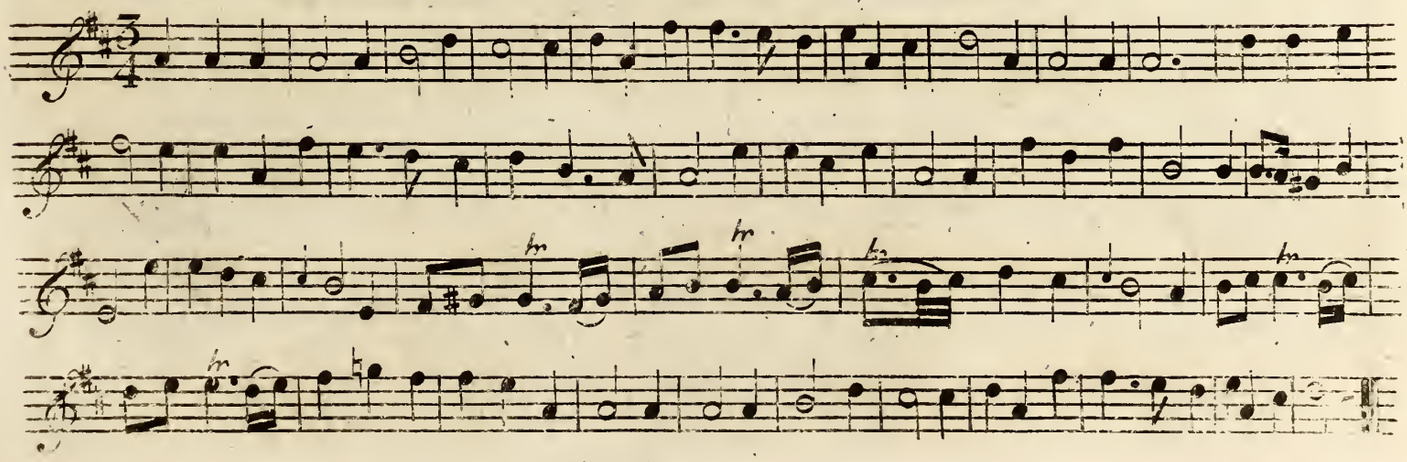
3

Let me thy clear thy yealding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide,
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently rolling Tide,
Lay me with Damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſiers duſky ſhade,
Where Water lilies paint the Ground,
And bubling Springs refreſh the Glade,

4

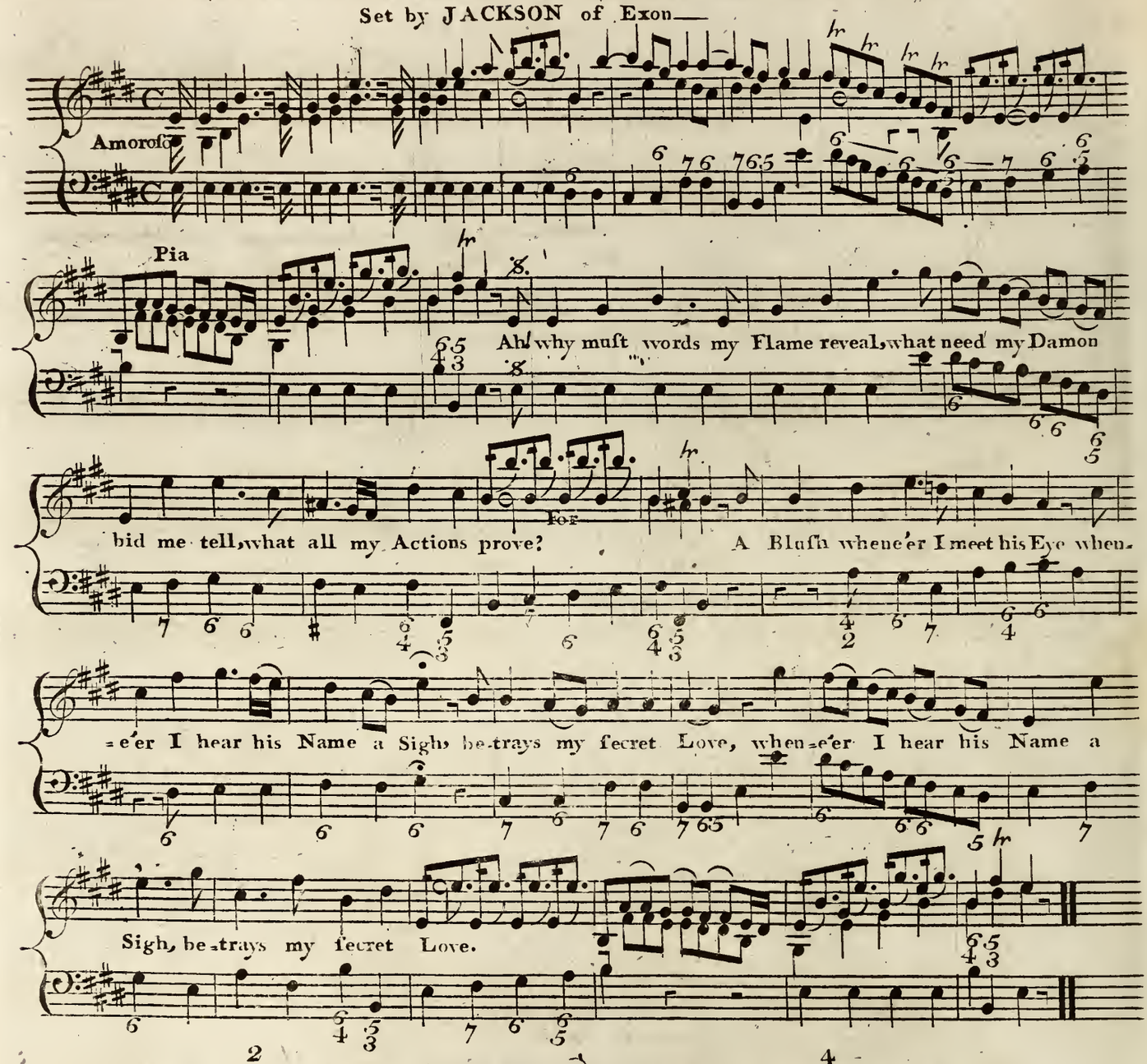
Let chaſte Clarinda too be their,
In aſure Mantle lightly dreſt,
Ye Nymphs bind up her ſilkin Hair,
Ye Zephirs fan her panting Breaſt,
O haſte away fair Maid and bring
The Muſe the Kindly Friend to love,
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro the vocal Grove.

For the Ger Flute



AH WHY MUST WORDS

Set by JACKSON of Exon——



2

In all their ſports upon the Plain,
My Eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve,
The reſt unheeded dance or play,
From all he ſteals my Praiſe away,
And can he doubt my love

3

Whene'er we meet my looks confeſs,
The Joys which all my ſoul poſſeſs,
And ev'ry Care remove,
Still ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
The Moments fly too faſt away,
Too faſt for my fond Love;

4

Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe?
So pleaſ'd am I with all he ſays,
I ev'ry Word approve,
But is he blam'd altho in Jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my Breaſt,
Alaſs becauſe I love

5

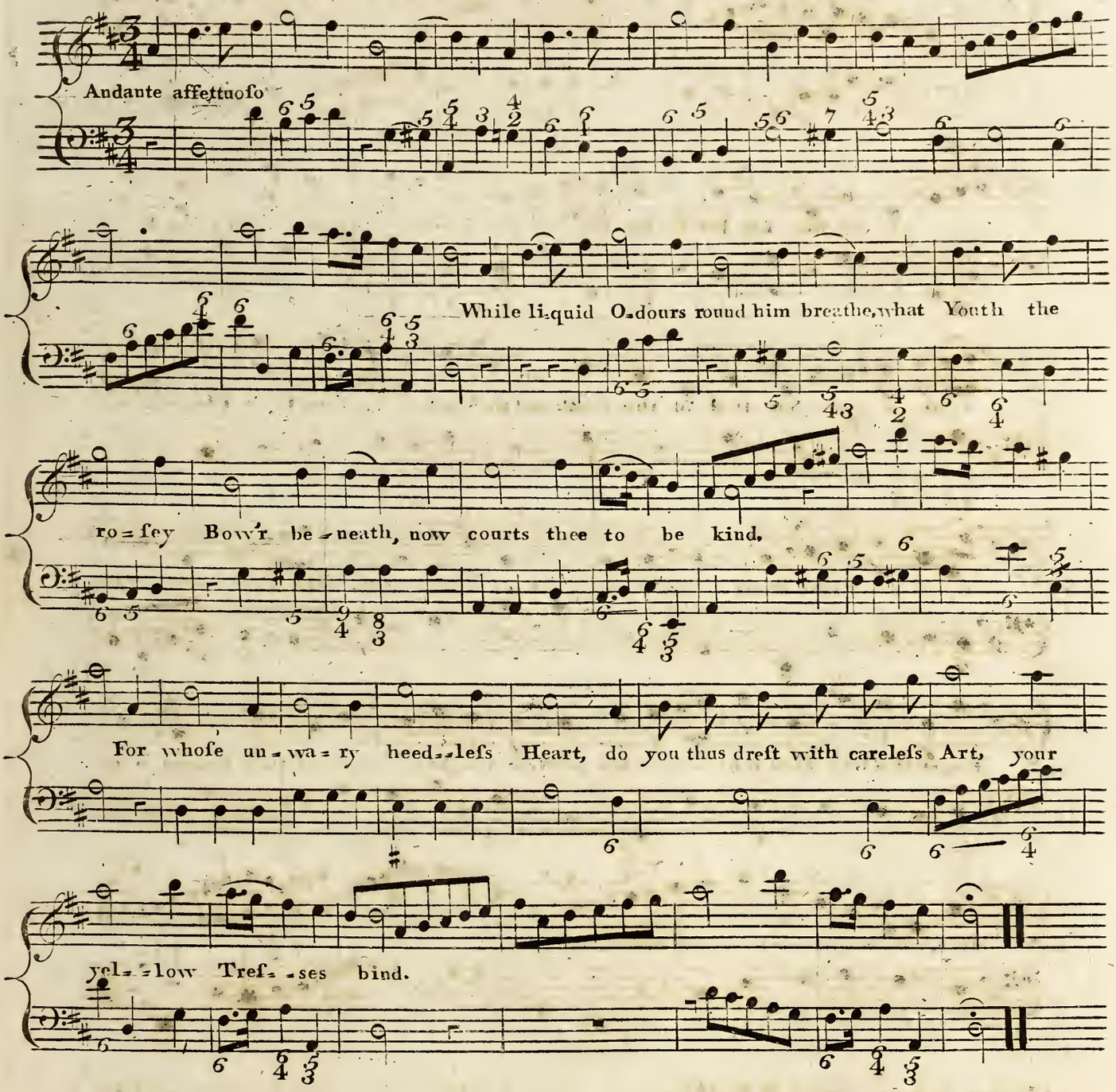
But Oh! what Torturs teas my Heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart,
The leaſt deſire to rove,
I hate the Maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I ſtrive in vain,
For Ah! that hate is Love.

6

Then aſk not words, but read my Eyes,
Believe my Bluſhes truſt my Sighs,
My Paſſion theſe will prove,
Words oft deceive and ſpring from Art,
The true Expreſſion of my Heart,
To Damon muſt be love.

WHILE LIQUID ODOURS

Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon



2

How often ſhall th'unpractiſd Youth,
Of alter'd Gods, and injur'd Truth,
With Tears alas complain,
How ſoon behold with wond'ring Eyes
The blakning Winds tempeſtuous riſe,
And ſcowl along the Main

3

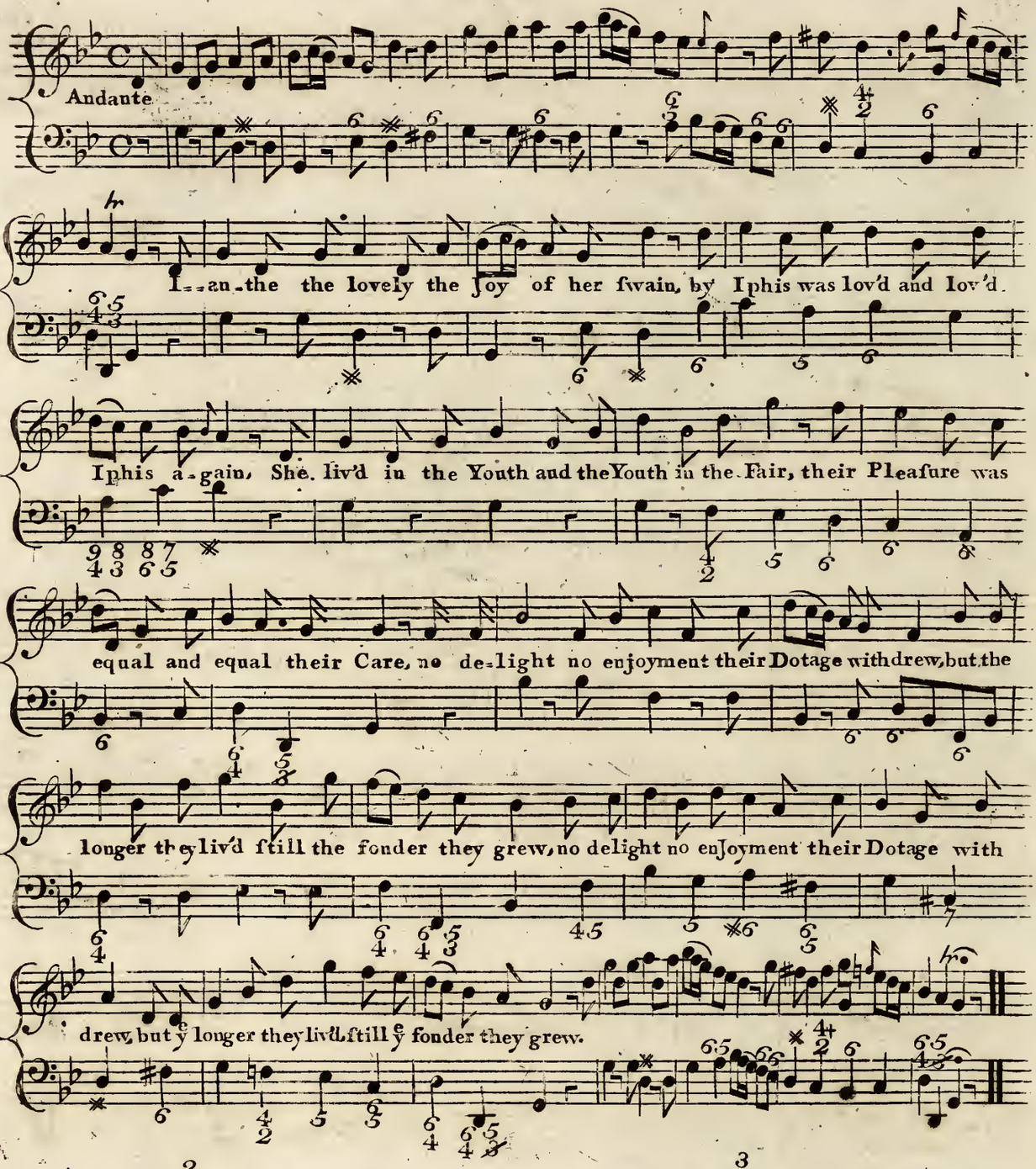
While by his eaſy Faith betray'd,
He now enjoys the golden Maid,
All amiable and kind,
He fondly hopes that you ſhall prove,
Thus ever vacant to his Love,
Nor heeds the faithleſs Wind.

4

Unhappy they, to whom untry'd,
You ſhine, alas! in Beauty's pride,
While I, now ſafe on Shore,
Will conſecrate the pictur'd Storm,
And all my grateful Vows perform,
To Neptune's ſaying Pow'r

IANTHE

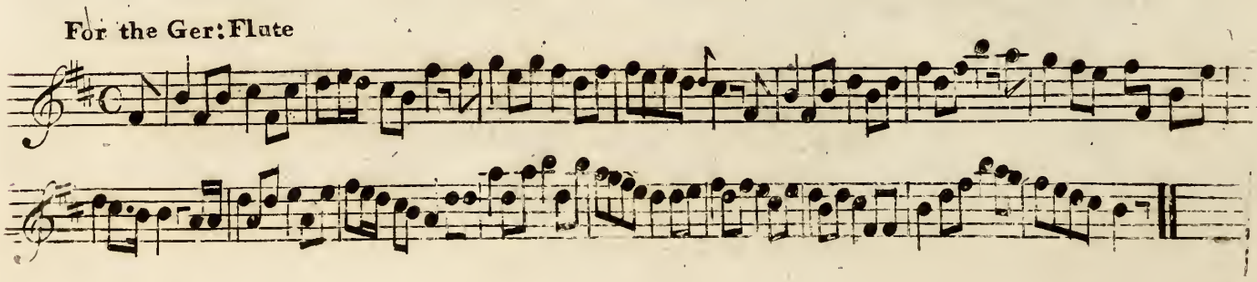
Set by Mr JACKSON of Exon——



2

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,
Some ſwore twou'd be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other was made,
But all, all conſented that none ever knew,
A Nymph be more kind, or a Shepherd ſo true,

3

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure & vow'd to take Care,
Of the faithful, the tender, the Innocent Pair,
What either might want he bid either to move,
But they wanted Nothing but ever to love,
He ſaid all to bleſs them his God-head cou'd do,
That they ſtill ſhou'd be kind & they ſtill ſhoud be true.

For the Ger: Flute